2¢
EERIE
TALES
DON'T DARE MISS THE SECRET OF "DR. HILL'S LAB!"
I...I WARNED YOU, DOCTOR HILL! I BEGGED YOU NOT TO PULL THAT SWITCH, BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE!

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

SPOOK
NO. 27
TALES OF SUSPENSE AND MYSTERY
I THOUGHT I WAS WORKING MY PASSAGE BACK HOME... I NEVER DREAMED I WAS GOING THROUGH THE MOST TERRIFYING ADVENTURE THAT COULD HAPPEN TO MORTAL MAN ON THE.....
SHIP OF THE DEAD
MARFSTAR

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Albert Dorne—probably the greatest money-maker in the history of commercial art. At the height of his career, he began a full-time search for people who like to draw.

He's Looking for People Who Like to Draw

TODAY THOUSANDS of men and women who never thought they could be artists are working happily at easels and drawing boards, making pictures and getting well paid for it. They all can thank Albert Dorne, a famous artist who devotes almost his full time to helping other people become artists.

Some of the people Dorne has helped

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

John Busketta is another. He was a pipefitter's helper in a big gas company. Today he still works for the same company, but as an artist in the advertising department, with a big increase in pay.

Harriet Kumiewski was bored with an "ordinary" job before she heard of Albert Dorne. Today she does high-style fashion illustration in New York.

With the right training, Wanda Paradiski gave up her typing job to become fashion artist for a local department store.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk two years ago. Recently he won a national cartooning contest and was signed to do a newspaper comic strip.

Long before Albert Dorne started looking for people who like to draw, they came to him for advice and help. Since he alone could only help a few of these people, he called together America's most successful artists—men like Norman Rockwell, Jon Whitcomb, Stevan Dohanos and Al Parker.

A Plan to Help Others

He said: "All over America, there are people who like to draw, who could be turned into good artists. Why can't we give these people the training they need—including all the trade secrets and know-how we've learned over the years? I'm suggesting a new kind of school—a home-study art school that would give talented people the best professional art training, no matter where they live."

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

Norman Rockwell	Fred Ludekens
Jon Whitcomb	Ben Stahl
Al Parker	Robert Fawcett
Stevan Dohanos	Austin Briggs
George Giusti	Harold Von Schmidt
Peter Helck	Albert Dorne

The famous artists agreed. Taking time from their busy careers, they spent several years creating a remarkable series of art lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting. They illustrated their lessons with over 5,000 "here's how" illustrations. The lessons start from scratch and cover every skill a top artist needs. Finally, the famous artists developed a wonderful way to give each student personal correction and advice all through his training.

Albert Dorne is not surprised by the success of his students. "The need field is growing. We keep getting calls from all over the country asking us for practical, well-trained students who can step into full-time or part-time jobs."

Famous Artists Talent Test

To find others with art talent worth developing, the famous artists created a 12-page talent test. Thousands paid $1 for this test, but now the School offers it free and will grade it free. If you show talent on the test, you will be eligible for training by the School. No obligation. Simply mail coupon. It might be your first step to an exciting, well-paid career in art.

Famous Artists Schools
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Mrs. ____ Age ____
Miss (please print)

Address ____

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SHIP OF THE DEAD!!
WHEN AL FORBES SIGNED ON THE FORBIDDING VESSEL KA-MOR HE THOUGHT HE WAS WORKING HIS PASSAGE BACK TO THE UNITED STATES.. HE NEVER DREAMED HE WAS GOING TO PASS THROUGH AS WEIRD AND TERRIFYING AN ADVENTURE AS COULD HAPPEN TO MORTAL MAN IN..THE CRUISE OF THE SHIP OF DREAD
ONE COOL DAWN, AL FORBES, A MERCHANT SEAMAN STAGGERED DOWN TOWARD THE DOCKS IN A MEDITERRANIAN PORT. HE WAS FEELING A BIT UNDER THE WEATHER AFTER A RATHER BIG NIGHT OF CELEBRATING. HIS LUCK SEEMED TO HAVE RUN OUT FOR HE ARRIVED AT THE PIER JUST IN TIME TO SEE HIS SHIP PULLING OUT OF THE HARBOR...!
BLAST IT.!! THERE GOES THE OLD TUB! HOW THE DEVIL DO I GET BACK TO THE STATES NOW? I'LL HAVE TO FIND A BERTH ON A SHIP TO AMERICA!
LLOYD
WE WANDERED AIMLESSLY DOWN THE ROW OF PIERS: BUT ALL THE SHIPS SEEMED TO BE FULLY MANNED..BUT AT THE RUN DOWN SECTION OF THE DOCKS, HE NOTICED A DARK FORBIDDING SHIP LURKING OMINOUSLY ALONGSIDE A DECREPIT PIER...
WOW! WHAT A CREEPY LOOKING TUB. HEY, THEY NEED A SAILOR...!

WHAT DO I CARE WHAT THE SHIP LOOKS LIKE! IF SHE LOOKS SEA-WORTHY AND SHE NEEDS A MAN! SHE GOES WHERE I'M HEADING FOR, I'LL SIGN UP!
DAL GOES ABOARD...AS HE STERS ON DECK, AN UNACCOUNTABLE CHILL RUNS THROUGH HIM...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, ANYWAY? I MUST BE DIZZY AFTER LAST NIGHT! THERE'S A SAILOR... HEY, BUD! I WANT TO SIGN ON AS A CREW-MAN! WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?
HE FOLLOWS THE SILENT DECKHAND DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE SILENT OMINOUS SHIP... OTHER SAILORS GO ABOUT THEIR TASKS...SILENTLY...GRIMLY...THEN HIS GUIDE SILENTLY POINTS TO A DOOR MARKED 'COMMANDER,' AND DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW!
HE LOOKS AT THE SAILOR, AND ONCE AGAIN HE IS UNEASY AS THE ODD LOOKING SEAMAN SILENTLY BECKONS FOR AL TO FOLLOW HIM....
WHAT'S EATING HIM? WELL, EVERYBODY CAN'T BE FRIENDLY...WELL, HERE GOES!
AL OPENS THE DOOR AND STOPS DEAD!!! HE STARES AT THE FIGURE AT THE TABLE!...
AHH! COME IN MASTER FORBES! YOU WISH TO SIGN ON THIS VESSEL!!
H-HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?
WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF I KNOW YOUR NAME? COME FORWARD AND SIGN! RIGHT HERE!
DO NOT HESITATE! YOUR DUTIES WILL BE EASY, THE PAY IS AMPLE! WE SAIL SHORTLY
WELL, OK, I GUESS! HERE GOES...!

HE HESITATED, BUT LOOKED INTO THE CAPTAIN'S EYES. SOMETHING BEYOND HIS POWERS COMPELLED HIM TO SIGN.....
I GUESS I'LL PICK UP A FEW LITTLE THINGS BEFORE WE SAIL I'LL BE ABOARD
WE SAIL IN AN HOUR! BE ABOARD UNDERSTAND?
DESPITE ALL HE COULD SAY TO CONVINCE HIMSELF TO THE CONTRARY, AL STILL FELT UNEASY. HE DECIDED TO BUY A PISTOL!!!
I'LL TAKE THAT ONE! THAT'S THE ONE, AND TWO EXTRA CLIPS. THAT SHOULD PUT MY FEARS AT REST!
HE BOUGHT THE GUN AND HERDED BACK TO THE DOCKS. HE PASSES AN INCREDIBLY OLD HOLY MAN, AND AL GAVE THE OLD MAN SOME MONEY.....!
MANY THANKS, KIND SIR THIS WILL HELP THOSE WHO ARE IN NEED. ONE THING, SIR ARE YOU A SAILOR ON YONDER VESSEL?
HUH? OH, YES! I JUST SIGNED UP, WHY?
THAT IS BAD, SIR! VERY BAD THAT SHIP IS A FLOATING ABOMINATION! DO NOT GO ABOARD!
I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW! BESIDES IT SAILS TO AMERICA!
YOU WILL BOARD IT, SIR! I CANNOT TALK YOU OUT OF IT! HOWEVER, TAKE THIS BELT! IT IS MOST HOLY AND EXALTED!..... IT LAY IN THE TOMB OF A MOST HOLY PROPHET AND SAINT! IT WILL BE VALUABLE IN WARDING OFF ANY EVIL, FOR THE UNHOLY ONES CANNOT TOLERATE THAT WHICH HAS BEEN BLESSED BY THE EXALTED ONES! TAKE IT WITH MY BLESSING FOR YOUR KINDNESS!
WELL, THANKS. THANKS A LOT!
AS AL WALKED TOWARD THE BLACK LOOMING SHIP, HE HAD THAT UNACCOUNTABLY UNEASY FEELING AGAIN; BUT HE TOUCHED THE 'PROPHET'S BELT' AND HE FELT MORE COMFORTABLE...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I FEEL THAT WAY. COULD IT BE THE CARGO? COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SHE'S CARRYING!
I'LL ASK ONE OF THE CREW.': HEY, MAC! WHAT CARGO DOES THIS SHIP CARRY?

THE CREW, A STRANGE MOROSE LOT SILENTLY STARED AT AL AS HE SPOKE TO THEM. THEY EITHER STARE VACANTLY OR SILENTLY TURN AWAY..

WHAT AN UNFRIENDLY CREW! THEY DON'T TALK. I'M GONNA TALK TO THE CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT CARGO THIS SHIP CARRIES! AND THE CREW! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? WHY DON'T THEY TALK?

HAVE PATIENCE! YOU WILL KNOW ALL IN DUE TIME!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON ANYWAY! I DON'T LIKE WHAT I SEE! MAYBE I'LL GET OFF THIS SHIP!

YOU CANNOT DO THAT! YOU HAVE SIGNED ON AND NO ONE LEAVES THIS SHIP! BESIDES, WE ARE ON THE HIGH SEAS!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! W-WHY I DIDN'T HEAR ANCHOR RAISED! AND...WHY IT IT'S TRUE! HOW!

THE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT. SILENTLY, THE DARK MYSTERIOUS VESSEL HAD PUT OUT TO SEA WITHOUT AL'S REALIZING IT. HE HADN'T EVEN FELT ANY MOTION..

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT..

IT IS TRUE, NEVERTHELESS! COME... YOU WISH TO KNOW OUR CARGO...I WILL SHOW YOU, NOW!

HE FOLLOWED THE STRANGE ODDLY REPELLING CAPTAIN OF THE EVEN MORE REPELLING SHIP DOWN A LONG DARK DEATHLY QUIET PASSAGEWAY.. THE FURTHER THEY WENT THE MORE UNEASY AL BECAME.... ESPECIALLY WHEN TWO SILENT CREW MEN FELL IN BEHIND THEM.....!

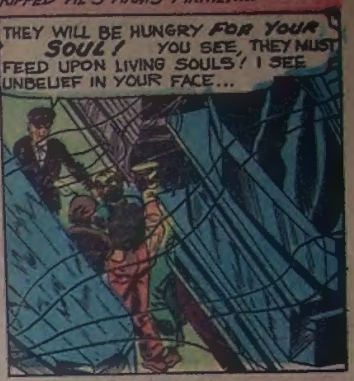
YOUR DUTIES WILL BE EASY! YOU WILL FEED AND COMFORT THE PASSENGERS!!

OH, THEN YOU'RE CARRYING A LIVE CARGO, HUH, CAPTAIN? I'D LIKE TO SEE MY CHARGES!

YES, I WANT YOU TO LOOK UPON YOUR CHARGES, OPEN THAT DOOR AND GO IN!

CURIOUSLY, AND YET HESITANTLY, AL OPENED THE DOOR SLOWLY AS IF HE WANTED TO PUT IT OFF AS LONG AS POSSIBLE. HE PEERED INTO AN IMMENSE ROOM.. AT FIRST HE COULD SEE NOTHING IN THE PITCHY THROBBING BLACKNESS!! THEN AS HIS EYES BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARK,

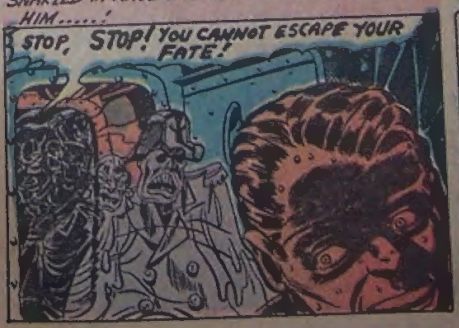
THE CAPTAIN SUDDENLY SIGNALLED TO THE TWO ZOMBIE-LIKE CREW MEN, THEY GRIPPED AL'S ARMS FIRMLY....



LET ME EXPLAIN MORE FULLY. THIS VESSEL CARRIES A TRULY REMARKABLE PASSENGER LIST. THOSE SEAFARERS WHO, THROUGHOUT THE AGES WERE SO EVIL, SO ABOMINABLE THAT THEY WERE FORBIDDEN THAT LAST CRUISE TO THE VAST PARADISE! THESE BRUTES, SLAVERS, MERCILESS PIRATES, SEA WOLVES, THOSE WHO HAVE COMMITTED CRIMES MONSTROUS TO HUMANITY, MUST SAIL FOREVER UPON THE SHIP OF DREAD!!! NEVER TO FIND THEIR REST... NEVER TO HAVE PEACE! THEY FEED UPON THE MINDS OF LIVING MEN! AYE, TIS TRUE, LOOK UPON MY MEN THEY ARE SOULLESS-LIVING-DEAD OBEYING ONLY THEIR COMMANDER, ME, CAPTAIN MORT...

WHEN, IT HAPPENED! FIGURES SLOWLY RAISING THEMSELVES FROM THEIR MACABRE RESTING PLACES, SENSE THE NEW PRESENCE IN THE ROOM... THEY CLIMBED DOWN SLOWLY AND EDGED TOWARD AL... THEY WERE THE PERSONIFICATION OF EVIL MONSTROUS HORROR... MENACING....

THEN, DESPERATELY, AL BROKE AWAY FROM HIS LIVING-DEAD CAPTORS AND RAN DOWN A PASSAGE-WAY. THE DEMONIAC FIGURES SCREAMED AND SNARLED IN RAGE AND FURY AS THEY PURSUED HIM.....



CLOSELY PURSUED BY THE NIGHTMARE FIGURES, AL DREW HIS PISTOL AND FIRED INTO THEM, BUT THE BULLETS MERELY PASS THROUGH THEM..! HE CLIMBED THROUGH A BULKHEAD AND LOCKED THE DOOR AFTER HIM... HE COULD HEAR THE TERRIFYING YELLS OF THE EVIL PRESENCES....

WORKING QUICKLY, AL BUILT A SMALL FIRE AND MELTED THE "PROPHET'S" BELT BUCKLE AND MOLDED BULLETS OUT OF THE MOLTEN BUCKLE. HE REMOVED THE OLD BULLETS, RE-PLACED THEM WITH THE SANCTIFIED METAL, INCLUDING THE EXTRA CLIPS...

WITH A TORCH IN ONE HAND AND PISTOL IN THE OTHER, HE RUSHED THROUGH THE MONSTROUS FIGURES BEFORE THEY RUSHED AT HIM... HE SET A FIRE IN THE HOLD WHERE IT QUICKLY SPREAD, AS THE SPIRITS REACH OUT FOR HIM, HE FIRES! A FEW OF THEM FALL, SCREAMING.....

NOW! HERE GOES ALL OR NOTHING! I'M SCARED STIFF, BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE!

I'LL SET FIRE TO THIS WHOLE MONSTROUS FLOATING TOMB! AND DESTROY ITS HELLISH CARGO

AS AL FOUGHT HIS WAY UPWARD TO THE TOP DECK, HE LEAVES THE INTERIOR OF THE GHOST SHIP AFLAME FROM STEM TO STERN... HE DESTROYS SOME OF THE HELLISH FIGURES! ABOVE THE DIN HE COULD HEAR THE DESPAIRING BUT MENACING SCREAM OF CAPTAIN MORT.

STOP HIM! HE WILL DESTROY US ALL!

TAKE THAT YOU BLASTED NIGHTMARES! I MAY PULL OUT THIS YET!

AL FIGHTS HIS WAY ON DECK AND LEAPS OVERBOARD BEFORE ANY OF THE CREW COULD STOP HIM... THE 'LIVING-DEAD' DECK-HANDS STOOD AROUND UNDECISIVELY AND WERE CONSUMED IN THE FLAMES....

AL CLUNG TO A BIT OF WRECKAGE AND WATCHED THE FLAMING SHIP SLOWLY SINK BENEATH THE WAVES. THE GHOSTLY PASSENGERS WERE DOOMED TO STAY WITH THE SHIP AND THEY WENT DOWN WITH IT. THEY WOULD NO LONGER BE ABLE TO ROAM THE SEAS AND HARM LIVING MEN...

HE WAS PICKED UP A DAY LATER BY A PASSING SHIP... HE WAS HYSTERICAL, AND HIS WILD STORY WAS THOUGHT TO BE DUE TO HIS EXPOSURE. THIS WAS A GOOD THING, FOR THIS FEARSOME STORY SHOULD BE PASSED INTO OBLIVION...!!

AL NEVER WENT TO SEA AGAIN; IN FACT, HE MADE HIS HOME ON THE EDGE OF A DESERT, AND IN TIME, HIS HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE FADED FROM MEMORY BY NEARLY TIME.

THE—END

JUNGLE GHOST..

I WAS born on the edge of the jungle. My father was a medical missionary and my mother was a nurse. When I was six I didn't get a toy six-shooter and a pair of cowboy trousers. Instead I received a medicine man's mask and a spear. When I was ten I had killed my first lion. At the age of twelve, King Mazima of the M'Gombie tribe offered to buy me for five hundred ounces of pure gold and six of his wives. My father very politely turned down the offer. I knew there was a world outside of me that consisted of automobiles, night clubs, small houses, department stores, and lots of trouble. But here in the jungle, I also knew there was peace, provided you did not violate the customs of the natives or the laws of decency.

Because of my intimate knowledge of the jungle, I found myself the youngest Major-General in any army. When peace was declared, I was offered the job of resident-chief in charge of the M'Gombie tribe. My hair was prematurely white and were it not for my blue eyes and six feet three of human flesh. I might have looked like an old man. Yes, I knew my fellow man, no matter what his color might be. Then I met Felix Martin. His name was a hated one, from the Congo to the borders of Ethiopia. That bald headed, wrinkled old man was a cheat, a killer, a dealer in slaves, and anything else that might turn up a penny, honest or dishonest. He turned up at the compound with his two Arab guards, Achmed and Kalid. I noticed he was wearing a gun belt with a Colt in the holster and in his right hand he carried a riding crop. "I wanted you to understand that you are not to use force in any of your dealings with the natives. You are not to sell them drinks of any kind, guns, or ammunition. If you violate any of these regulations, your trading permit will be revoked and I will send you back to the coast."

Felix Martin looked at me steadily with his cat-like, green-gray eyes. "My enemies must have been speaking slanderous words about me," he answered in a tone that conveyed to my ears a feeling of mockery. "Surely, if I ever did any of the things you have mentioned, then I could not have for the past thirty years been a trader in Africa." It was on the tip of my tongue to say that we knew, but didn't have the proof, that he had been the paid agent of several unfriendly powers. There is a M'Gombie proverb, "Words which pass the tongue can never be recalled." So I said nothing.

Within the next three weeks the complaints began to pour in at my headquarters. The cloth he was selling was faulty; he had struck several natives; several bars of gold from King Mazima's hut had vanished. When I reproached Martin, there was a hurt look on his face. "These natives are dangerous fellows. Twice they tried to rob me, ask Achmed and Kalid." And before I could word the questions, the two Arabs in unison chanted, "By the Beard of the Prophet it is true. These natives are bad people; they tried to take our stores from us." I thought a word of advice might not go unheeded. "Look here, Martin," I warned, "you are not living in the past of yesterday when a string of brightly colored glass beads bought a bar of gold. These natives know a lot about trade. Try to sell them a radio and they will ask you if the tubes can be easily procured. Start trouble with them, and you will taste the primitive law of the jungle that goes back centuries before the first white man ever set foot in Africa." I think he was going to laugh at me, but the seriousness of my voice held him in check.

Then it happened, a native was killed, a nephew of King Mazima. The old ruler came into the compound, demanding white man's justice. The stories were in conflict. Martin and his two bodyguards swore the

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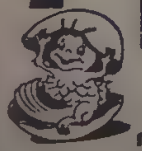

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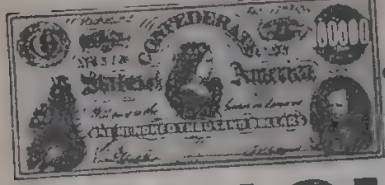

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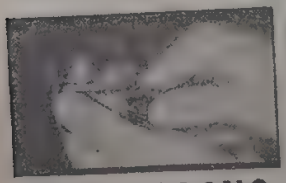

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native had tried to rob them. The King said he was certain they had tried to steal a bar of gold he had given to his nephew and which was now missing. I listened to statements made by both and then gave my decision. "The law requires that Martin be taken to the coast where he will be tried in court. I shall take him myself through the jungle until we reach the river and the military post. His two men will remain here in chains until I return."

I placed Martin in a house next to mine under armed guard. About three in the morning I heard a terrible scream. I rushed out at once and spoke to the guards. "Inside," they said. "Big noise. We do nothing." They spoke the truth. I saw Martin, white as a sheet. In his hand he held a withered hand with long claws. I looked at it carefully. "What is it?" he demanded in a voice that betrayed fear. "You now have upon you the curse of Tat'teeta, the Invisible Death of a Guilty Conscience," I explained. "The natives know that to kill you would bring a terrible punishment upon their tribe. They are going to give you a test by ordeal of fear. Things will happen to you that will scare you, if you are a coward and did commit the crime they feel you did. But if you are not afraid and can go through the jungle to the river, you are innocent."

The next morning we started on our journey through the jungle. We carried with us food for the five days' trip. Martin was surprised as he looked at my armament, a spear and a knife. "No gun?" he asked. "If I carried a rifle and revolver there would be the temptation to steal them when I became sleepy or a bit off guard. I can handle these native weapons, but with them you would be at the mercy of the jungle, and you know something about the animals we might find." I think it was during the next five minutes, while he stared at me, that he began to feel it was the beginning of the end.

That night we made our camp near a large tree. Repeated noises attracted our attention. "Owls," he suggested. "There are no owls in this jungle," I snapped back. "What is it?" he demanded. "Just the natives who have been trailing us signalling where we are stopping." "You won't let them kill me?" he almost sobbed. "They won't," I answered, and no sooner had I finished the last word, when a branch of a tree fell near him. Martin jumped back. I picked up the branch and looked at it carefully. "It didn't fall off the tree," I pointed out, "the clear cut shows it was made by a knife." There was no sleep that night. At intervals of about five minutes a wailing sound would come through the jungle. "I'll go mad," shouted Martin, "if that noise doesn't stop." Then, as though an idea had popped into his head, he added, "I can stop up my ears with some cotton." "If you do," I cautioned, "you will never hear me warn you when an animal is threatening us." Yes, he listened to that advice, listened to advice a bit too late.

He ate no breakfast that morning. We followed the trail to the river and about noon he shouted in horror, pointing to an animal that was absolutely motionless, but facing us, a full grown lion. Martin ran backwards screaming like a lunatic, "Save me. Save me." The fool should have known a lion can't remain alive—and motionless. It was a stuffed animal, killed several years ago, and ordinarily it reposed in King Mazima's throne room. I walked up to Martin and he was sobbing, "I confess. I killed that native. I stole the gold bars. You will find them buried one hundred paces from the front boundary marker outside the compound." I whistled three times, and King Mazima, with a group of armed natives, leading Achmed and Kalid in chains, were soon surrounding me. We started backtracking on the trail. "Where are you taking me?" demanded Martin. "Back to the compound," I explained. "There I will radio for a plane to fly you to the coast. We have been walking in circles, and we are only three miles from my headquarters. Your conscience couldn't stand the curse of Tat'teeta." And King Mazima smiled, "There is Justice in this jungle."

THE SPOOK

IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE HAND OF FATE THAT GUIDED JERRY AND HIS PSYCHIC PAL, SERGEANT SPOOK, TO DR. HILL'S OFFICE THAT BRIGHT FALL AFTERNOON.... BUT FATE'S HAND WAS GNARLED THAT DAY AND SOON WAS TO BE STAINED BY THE BLOOD OF AN INNOCENT MAN!

HEY, JERRY-- WE WERE GOING TO THE FOOTBALL GAME!

FIRST I'VE GOT TO SEE DOC HILL ABOUT THIS POISON IVY-- THAT'S WHY I'M EARLY FOR MY APPOINTMENT!

DR. HILL M.D.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE BEAT YOU HERE!

IT'S BOB RICE, SPOOK! HIS CAR'S PARKED OUTSIDE! HE'S ENGAGED TO CHRISTINE, DOC'S DAUGHTER!

BOB, YOU HAVE NEITHER MONEY NOR SOCIAL POSITION... YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO EXPECT TO MARRY CHRISTINE!
BUT I'M JUST OUT OF COLLEGE, DR. HILL!--AND I LOVE HER--ER--UH--WELL--MAYBE AS YOU SAY---
I--UH--GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR!.... I'LL KEEP AWAY!
BOB! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING WITHOUT ME, ARE YOU?
CHRIS, DEAR, I--WELL, I'VE GOT SO MUCH WORK--TAKE THE TICKETS--YOU CAN FIND A FRIEND TO GO WITH YOU!
VERY WELL I CERTAINLY WILL FIND SOMEONE ELSE!
DAD! WHERE ARE YOU--- I DIDN'T SEE YOU, JERRY! EXCUSE ME!
OH!
EXCUSE ME, CHRISTINE! I WAS JUST WAITING FOR DR. HILL--BUT SOME OTHER TIME!
C'MON, SPOOK!
AFTER SPOOK AND JERRY LEAVE!
DAD! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? BOB RICE INVITED ME TO THE FOOTBALL GAME--AND THEN BACKED OUT!
HMMM! WELL, WHY NOT GO WITH DOCTOR JANDER, CHRIS?
I WILL ASK DR. JANDER TO TAKE ME--OH! DR. JANDER! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU---
I AM IN LUCK, CHRISTINE! JUST NAME THE PLACE AND I'D BE MOST HAPPY TO TAKE YOU!
LATE THAT AFTERNOON, AFTER THE GAME...
HI, JERRY! WANT A RIDE AS FAR AS THE HOUSE?
SURE, CHRISTINE! GOT ROOM FOR SPOOK?
SPOOK? IS JERRY A BIT OFF, CHRIS?
2

ONCE AGAIN, DARLING-- WHY ARE YOU SO SET AGAINST MARRYING ME?
BECAUSE I LOVE BOB RICE, NILES! HERE WE ARE HOME AND YOU'VE TALKED OF NOTHING ELSE!
THANKS FOR THE RIDE, CHRISTINE! 'BYE!
SO LONG, JERRY! GRAND GAME, WASN'T IT?
S JERRY AND SPOOK WALK TOWARD JERRY'S HOUSE...
PEOPLE HAVE CERTAINLY BEEN TELLING US THEIR TROUBLES, EVEN IF THEY DIDN'T INTEND TO!
YEAH!...HEY! THERE'S BOB RICE WORKING IN HIS OFFICE— LET'S SAY 'HELLO,SPOOK!
ROBERT RI
CIVIL ENGI
HI, BOB! YOU'RE WORKING LATE FOR A SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AREN'T YOU?
THIS IS A BIG JOB, JERRY! IF I GET THE CONTRACT, IT WILL MEAN A LOT! NEW CITY ROAD--LET ME SHOW YOU!
THEN THIS ROAD WILL CONNECT WITH--EXCUSE ME, JERRY, WHILE I ANSWER THE PHONE!
R-R-RING!
GO AHEAD, BOB! I'D BETTER BE LEAVING ANYWAY!
HELLO! OH YES, DR. HILL! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
GUESS THIS IS THE FINAL BRUSH-OFF!
I'VE GOT TO GO TO DR. HILL'S— COME ALONG, JERRY, AND I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME AFTERWARD!
THANKS, BOB!
GUESS WE CAN SQUEEZE INTO BOB'S CAR, SPOOK!
LATER:
SHOULD BE JUST A MINUTE, JERRY! WAIT FOR ME!
OKAY, BOB!
MOVE OVER, JERRY, AND I'LL GET OFF YOUR LAP!
31

GOODS! THERE'S DOCTOR JANDER!
HELL FIND BOB WITH DOCTOR HILL! I HOPE THERE'S NO TROUBLE!
MINUTES AFTER DOCTOR JANDER ENTERS DOCTOR HILL'S OFFICE!
HELP! MURDER! POLICE!
EVENTUALLY, BOB RICE IS BROUGHT TO TRIAL -CHIEF WITNESS FOR THE STATE IS DOCTOR NILES JANDER...
TELL THE COURT WHAT YOU KNOW OF THIS CASE, DOCTOR!
DOCTOR HILL FORBADE RICE TO SEE MISS HILL! I FOUND RICE STANDING OVER DOCTOR HILL'S BODY, HOLDING THE DEATH WEAPON!
I DIDN'T KILL DOCTOR HILL, OFFICER! THAT'S THE WAY I FOUND HIM!
NEVERTHELESS, IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU IN!
WHAT'LL WE DO, SPOOK? I'M SURE BOB DIDN'T DO IT!
WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON?
SO DO I! HOPE JANDER AND BOB HAVEN'T TANGLED!
JERRY TESTIFIES FOR THE DEFENSE...
THE MEDICAL EXAMINER SAYS DOCTOR HILL HAD BEEN DEAD AN HOUR--BUT SPOOK AND I WERE IN BOB'S OFFICE WHEN HE RECEIVED THE PHONE CALL! HE COULDN'T HAVE KILLED---
I OBJECT, YOUR HONOR! THIS WITNESS MENTIONS SPOOKS!
THE JURY DECIDES THERE IS REASONABLE DOUBT OF BOB'S GUILT--THE VERDICT IS--
NOT GUILTY!
OH, BOB! I KNEW THEY COULDN'T FIND YOU GUILTY!

BUT SOME MEMBERS OF THE HIGHWAY COMMISSION ARE NOT CONVINCED OF BOB'S INNOCENCE...
GENTLEMEN, THE VOTE IS AGAINST ACCEPTANCE OF ROBERT RICE'S BID!
SUITS ME!
CHRIS, IT LOOKS AS IF I'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE--MAYBE YOU'D BETTER MARRY JANDER!
I'LL ANSWER THAT BY SETTING OUR WEDDING DATE! ONE WEEK FROM TODAY, DARLING!
LATER, WHEN CHRISTINE RETURNS HOME...
CHRISTINE, I LOVE YOU! MUST I ALWAYS COMPETE WITH THAT--THAT MURDERER?
THAT'S HATEFUL OF YOU, NILES! BOB AND I ARE TO BE MARRIED ONE WEEK FROM TODAY!
YOU! BOB! MARRIED! I'M SORRY FOR SAYING WHAT I DID! LET ME GIVE YOU A PARTY TO PROVE IT!
THAT'S A SUDDEN CHANGE OF ATTITUDE, NILES! BUT I WON'T HOLD A GRUDGE, IF YOU MEAN IT!
AT JANDER'S PARTY...
DR. JANDER SEEMS TO BE DOING ALL THE WORK HIMSELF! MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO GIVE HIM A HAND!
I'LL GO INTO THE KITCHEN AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
LOOK AT THAT JERRY TALKING TO HIMSELF!
CAN I HELP YOU, DR. JA--
UH!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
BUT I ONLY WANTED TO...
YOU HAVE A HABIT OF STICKING YOUR NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS! AH--ER--
ER--GOSH, JERRY, PARDON ME! I'M NERVOUS--UPSET ABOUT LOSING CHRISTINE, I GUESS!
OKAY, DOC! LET'S FORGET THE WHOLE THING!

DOC JANDER IS ACTING MIGHTY FUNNY!
I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT HIM MYSELF, JERRY!
BOB RICE WILL NEVER LIVE TO MARRY CHRISTINE! WHEN HE D.ES, I'LL SAY HE HAD A HEART ATTACK!
SO THAT'S IT! SPIKING A FRUIT COCKTAIL! I'D BETTER MOVE FAST!
DINNER IS SERVED!
THIS IS MY SPECIAL PARTY, FOLKS, SO I'M SERV NG PERSONALLY!
HERE'S WHAT YOU'D BETTER DO, JERRY!
SUDDENLY JERRY SWITCHES BOB'S AND NILES JANDER'S FRUIT COCKTAILS...
ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR JANDER! I DARE YOU TO EAT BOB'S COCKTAIL!
WHY--YOU--WHAT ARE YOU TRY.NG TO INFER? OF COURSE I'LL EAT IT!
WH---, JERRY!
NOW IF YOU'RE SATISFIED, I'LL TAKE MY LEAVE!
OH! NILES, PLEASE EXCUSE JERRY! THAT WAS A TERRIBLE THING TO DO...
WE'LL FOLLOW JANDER WHEN HE LEAVES!
TEN MINUTES LATER...
SHHHHH! THERE HE IS! BURNING A LETTER!
WAIT HERE! I'LL GET IT!
EVEN WITH AN ANTIDOTE FOR THE POISON, I'M GOING TO BE ILL! BETTER DESTROY THIS LETTER NOW!

WHAT THE--! I SHOULD HAVE CLOSED THAT DOOR AGAINST THE DRAFT!
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A DOOR TO PREVENT THIS DRAFT, JANDER!
UH! YOU? MEDDLING AGAIN!
YEAH! ME, DOC!
INSANE WITH FURY JANDER DRAGS JERRY INTO HIS LABORATORY AND CLOSES THE DOOR! IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS...!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY, WITH THIS!
OH, NO? EVERY-ONE WILL THINK YOU DIED A NATURAL DEATH!
SPOOK! QUICK!
A SPOOK IS WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE SOON, MY FRIEND!
THAT'S ABOUT ENOUGH OUT OF YOU!
AGH!
SLEAT!
MY ANTIDOTE! YOU KNOCKED IT OVER! PLEASE SAVE ME, JERRY! GET A DOCTOR, PLEASE--QUICK!
LATER--AT THE HOSPITAL--
JANDER DIED OF INFLICTED POISON! HE CONFESSED MURDERING DOCTOR HILL BUT DIED BEFORE HE TOLD WHY!
THIS LETTER MAY EXPLAIN IT!
DOCTOR HILL SUSPECTED JANDER OF BEING A QUACK! HE WROTE TO THE LICENSE COMMISSION, BUT THE LETTER WASN'T MAILED! JANDER SAW IT FIRST!
THAT CLEARS BOB RICE!
AT THE RECEPTION AFTER THE WEDDING OF BOB AND CHRISTINE..
WELL, WE'RE MARRIED, AND BOB WILL GET THE ROAD JOB! ALL BECAUSE OF YOU, JERRY!
DON'T FORGET SPOOK--THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE OF ALL!
The End

GUARDIAN ANGEL..
THIS IS THE STRANGE STORY OF CHARLES 'LUCKY' ROGERS AND OF HOW HE GOT HIS NICKNAME. HE WAS AN ODD PERSON IN THE FACT THAT HE NEVER HAD AN EVIL THOUGHT. HE WOULD NEVER INTENTIONALLY HARM ANYONE OR ANYTHING. HE WOULD FIGHT WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH FOR THE WEAK AND HELPLESS. TIME AFTER TIME, LUCKY NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH, IT WAS ALMOST AS IF HE WAS BEING WATCHED OVER BY SOME SORT OF 'GUARDIAN ANGEL'!!!
SIR, THIS SWINE YET LIVES!
USE THE BAYONET. DO NOT WASTE BULLETS ON HIM!
OUR STORY BEGINS SOME YEARS AGO. WHEN LUCKY WAS A BOY. ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL TOWN, THERE LIVED A STRANGE HERMIT. BEING ODD, HE WAS TREATED WITH SUSPICION AND HATRED.
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE OLD GOAT?
LE'S SINGE HIS WISKERS AND SCOOT HIM OUTTA TOWN!
LET'VE GO. DO YOU HEAR?
LET H M GO! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
HUH! WHAT?
SAY! WHO'RE YOU ANYWAY?
THEY LOOKED INTO LUCKY'S BLAZING EYES MUTTERED BENEATH THEIR BREATHS, AND SLUNK BACK TOWARD TOWN. THE STRANGE OLD MAN STARED AT LUCKY INTENTLY...
I THANK YOU SINCERELY, YOUNG SIR. BUT WHY DO YOU HELP AN UGLY OLD MAN WHO MEANS NOTHING TO YOU?
DON'T SAY THAT, SIR. YOU'RE NOT UGLY. TO ME, YOU'RE A DISTINGUISHED MAN, AND YOU'VE NEVER BOTHERED ANY ONE!

THE OLD MAN NODDED HIS HEAD AS IF LUCKY HAD ANSWERED A VERY DIFFICULT QUESTION CORRECTLY! THEY BECAME FAST FRIENDS, AND HE FOUND OUT THAT THE LITTLE MAN CAME FROM A FAR OFF STRANGE LAND! HE LIVED ON THE EDGE OF TOWN AND CONTEMPLATED ON THE FOLLIES AND SHORT-COMINGS OF MEN!

YOU, MY BOY, ARE SLATED FOR GREATNESS! I KNOW OF THESE THINGS YOU ARE OF KINDNESS. AND I WILL NOT FORGET!

GEE, THANK YOU, SIR! WELL, IT'S GETTING LATE, I'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK GOOD NIGHT, SIR!

YES, HE WILL BE GREAT; HE WILL HAVE ENEMIES, AS ALL GREAT MEN WILL! HE WOULD NEED..TO BE WATCHED OVER--! THERE WILL BE THOSE WHO WOULD.. ...HARM HIM...!

THE NEXT TIME LUCKY WENT TO VISIT THE LITTLE MAN, HE FOUND THE HUT DESERTED! THE LITTLE MAN WAS GONE... DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE! ON THE DOOR WAS A NOTE ADDRESSED TO HIM THAT THE LITTLE MAN HAD GONE BACK, AND HENCEFORTH, HE, LUCKY WOULD NO LONGER WALK ALONE, AND BY COINCIDENCE, OR WHATEVER ONE WOULD CALL IT, LUCKY HAD NARROW ESCAPES FROM HARM, BUT ALWAYS MISSED ACTUAL INJURY, THUS EARNING HIS NICKNAME LUCKY!

WHAT A STRANGE NOTE.. WONDER WHAT IT MEANS.

GEE! I THOUGHT THAT KID WAS A GONNER. MY GAS PEDAL JAMMED, BUT LUCKILY MY BRAKE CAUGHT AND LOCKED!

HULLY SMOKE! D'JA SEE THAT? LUCKY THAT TRUCK CAME ALONG JUST THEN!

BOY! IF MY SHOE LACE DIDN'T BREAK, MAKING ME LOSE MY SHOE, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN HIT IN THE FACE WITH THE CLEATS.

LUCKY HAD MANY SUCH INCIDENCES, BUT HE JUST THOUGHT OF THEM AS COINCIDENCES... THEN, TIME PASSES, AND THE BLACK CLOUDS OF WORLD WAR II GATHER...!

LUCKY, IT'S HERE! WE'RE AT WAR! I'M GOING DOWN TO ENLIST!

I'M GOING ALSO PAUL! I'M GOING TO TRY FOR THE MEDICAL CORPS!

HE ENLISTED AND WAS PUT IN A MEDICAL UNIT! EVEN IN WAR, LUCKY WANTED TO SAVE LIFE, NOT DESTROY IT.....

AFTER HIS BASIC TRAINING, LUCKY'S OUT SHIPPED OUT FOR OVERSEAS DUTY ...AS THEY EMBARK ON

LUCKY, I WANNA STICK CLOSE TO YOU! YER A LIVING RABBIT'S FOOT!

HAW, HAW! YOU FELLOWS ARE ALWAYS KIDDING!

IN THE HIGH SEAS... THE CONVOY SAILS ON NOT KNOWING THAT A KILLER SUB HAS CREPT THROUGH THE ESCORT SHIPS AND IS STALKING THE TROOPSHIP.....
NOW! WE HAVE HER IN THE SIGHTS! PREPARE TO FIRE TORPEDOES!.... ..FIRE ONE!.... FIRE TWO!
OF THEM MISSED! THE OTHER IS A DUD!
THE TROOPSHIP REACHES ITS DESTINATION, AND THE TROOPS MAKE A LANDING UNDER HEAVY FIRE, BUT THEY TAKE THE SHORE DEFENSES AND PUSH INLAND!
SUBMARINE, DEAD AHEAD!
ACH! WHA.. ..YEOWW!
GOSH! HOW DID HE GET THROUGH OUR DEFENSES?
DIG IN, MEN ENEMY AIRCRAFT COMING!
ONE OF THE ENEMY DIVE-BOMBERS PEELS AWAY FROM HIS FORMATION AND PREPARES TO ATTACK LUCKY'S POSITION
WHEN A MOST EXTRAORDINARY THING HAPPENS! THE BOMBER DODGES GROUND DEFENSES, BUT FLIES INTO A STRAY ARTILLERY SHELL... ..... DESTROYING PLANE AND BOMBS!!
HEY! DID YOU SEE THAT?
I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT!
GET THE MEN READY TO MOVE, SERGEANT!

LUCKY'S OUTFIT MOVES ON, HIS CREED OF SAVING LIVES INSTEAD OF DESTROYING IS SOON KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE AREA... THE HEAVIEST ENEMY FIRE COULD NOT KEEP HIM FROM HIS DUTIES; HE RISKED HIS LIFE CONSTANTLY AND SAVED MANY LIVES, ALSO RELIEVING MUCH SUFFERING....
GOOD NEWS, LUCKY! YOU'VE BEEN RECOMMENDED FOR THE SILVER STAR..
THANK YOU, SIR! I-I'M GREATLY HONORED!
HE CONSTANTLY ESCAPED DEATH IN HIS DUTIES, BECAUSE NO ONE RISKED HIS LIFE MORE THAN LUCKY. ..ONE DAY, AN ENEMY SNIPER CATCHES LUCKY IN HIS SIGHTS....
HA! I HAVE ONE OF DEM IN MY SIGHT... SLOWLY..I SQUEEZE..THE TRIGGER... SLOW...
SUDDENLY...THE BRANCH, EVIDENTLY WEAKENED BY SHELL-FIRE, BREAKS AND THE SNIPER FALLS, HE BECOMES ENTANGLED IN HIS GUNSLING...
ACH! THE BRANCH IS.... BR....!
CRACK
HEY, LUCKY! WE'RE SHORT HANDED! YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP OUT ON K.P. TONIGHT!
AW, GEE! DOGGONE THE LUCK!
HE NEEDS... SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER HIM!
U.S.
ONE GRAY BITTER MORNING, THE ENEMY COUNTER-ATTACKED! THEY WERE MAKING A LAST-DITCH STAND, AND THEY RESISTED BITTERLY, FIGHTING LIKE CORNERED ANIMALS!!!

THEY'RE THICKER THAN FLIES! WE'LL HAVE TO FALL BACK EVEN FURTHER!
OK, GIVE THE ORDER, SERGEANT!
THEY FALL BACK, LUCKY AS USUAL, THE LAST TO LEAVE! HE HAD JUST GIVEN AID TO A WOUNDED SOLDIER! THEN, HIS LUCK TURNED AT LAST... HE IS HIT BY AN ENEMY SHELL!!!
THEY GOT LUCKY! I'M GOIN' BACK FOR HIM!
HE'S IN THAT SHELL HOLE, BUT WE CAN'T GET TO HIM! THEY GOT A MACHINE GUN ZEROED IN ON THE SPOT!
THE ENEMY ALSO TRIED TO CAPTURE HIM, BUT HIS BUDDIES BEAT THEM BACK...
YOU RATS AIN'T TAKIN' OUR BUDDY, YOU AIN'T!
THIS LITTLE DRAMA IS CLOSELY WATCHED BY THE ENEMY COMMANDER OF AN S.S DETACHMENT....
THEY ARE KILLING OUR BRAVE MEN! FOR ONE YANKEE DOG! ORDER THAT TANK OUT TO DESTROY HIM!
THE TANK RUMBLES OVER NO-MAN'S LAND, RELENTLESSLY TOWARD LUCKY NOT EVEN BOTHERING TO SHOOT AT HIM! THEY INTENDED TO CRUSH HIM BENEATH THE TREADS!!!
I-I CAN'T MOVE..THAT TANK HAS MY NUMBER, I GUESS...
HEADING DIRECTLY TOWARDS HIM, LUCKY IS IN A TERRIBLE SPOT.. THEN.. THE TANK RUMBLES OVER A LAND MINE AND BLOWS UP!!

WHAT IS THIS? SEND A MAN OUT WITH A GRENADE!
SO! THIS WILL FINISH YOU WITHOUT ANY MORE NONSENSE!
BUT THE TROOPER HELD IT JUST A LITTLE TOO LONG AFTER TRIPPING THE TRIGGER, AND THE GRENADE GOES OFF PREMATURELY!!!
ENOUGH! YOU BLUNDERING IDIOTS! I WILL HAFF TO DO THIS MYSELF!.. FOLLOW ME..!
THE LINE ADVANCE, AND LUCKY'S COMPANIONS ARE FORCED BACK, LEAVING HIM UNPROTECTED!
DO NOT WASTE BULLETS, USE BAYONETS ON HIM!
LUCKY PASSES OUT ABOUT THEN SUDDENLY, LIKE A SLASHING TORNADO OUT OF NOWHERE COMES A ROARING OF A THOUSAND FURIES AS AN EERIE FORCE CRASHES THROUGH THEM LIKE A CUTTER THROUGH WHEAT ROARING IN A HIGH PITCHED SCREAMING ROAR COULD BE SEEMING TO SAY.. DOOM, DOOM!.. YE LITTLE EVIL ONES WHO WOULD DESTROY ONE WHO IS CHOSEN FOR GREATNESS!
SOME TIME LATER, LUCKY COMES TO! THE FIELD IS STREWN WITH ENEMY SOLDIERS; HIS WOUNDS SEEM TO BE BETTER, AND HE IS ABLE TO CATCH UP WITH HIS OUTFIT!
HI, YA, FELLOWS!
HEY, IT'S LUCKY! HE'S COME BACK!
LUCKY SURVIVED THE WAR, WITH MORE HONORS AND GLORY, ALL WHO KNOW HIM LOVED HIM! TODAY, HE IN THE MIDST OF HIS STUDIES, AND AS I HAVE SAID, HE IS MADE FOR BIG THINGS. HE SUSPECTS NOTHING, BUT HE IS GUARDED WELL, FOR HE IS OF GREATNESS!!

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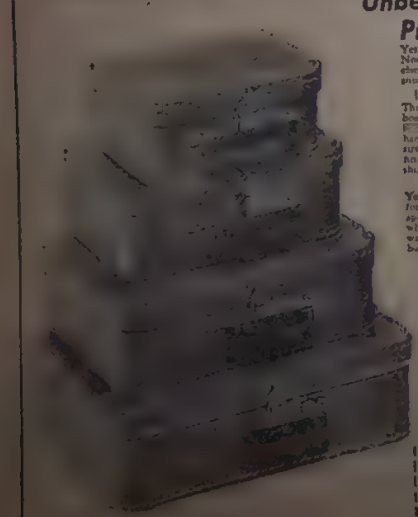

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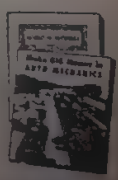


Name_____ Age____

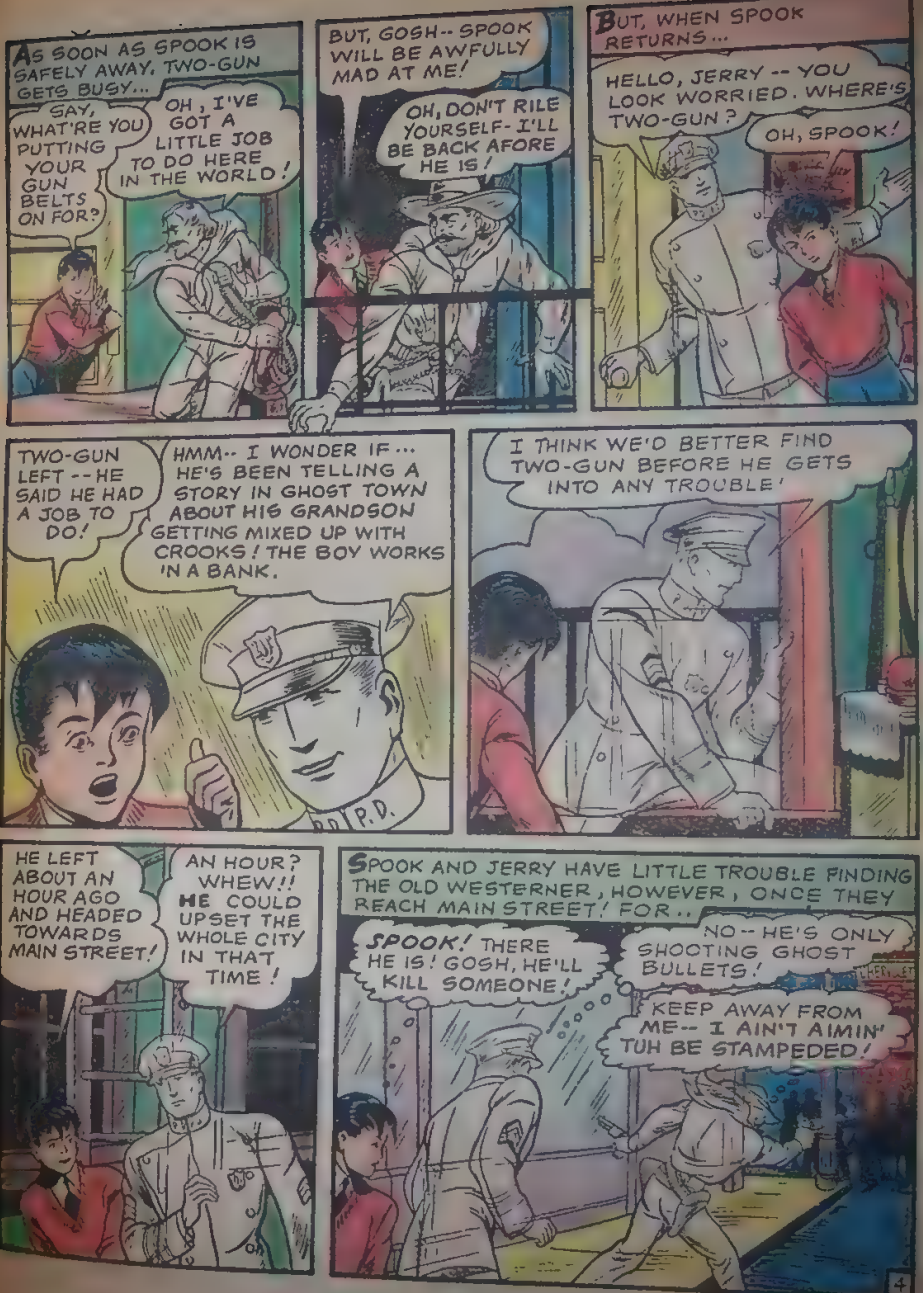
Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

GHOST TOWN
THE OUTLAW, TWO-GUN JACK, PLAYS A NEW ROLE WHEN HE GETS A FURLOUGH FROM GHOST TOWN AND LEADS JERRY AND SERGEANT SPOOK A MERRY CHASE!
BOY-- THIS GUY MUST HAVE BEEN A TOUGH HOMBRE!
TWO-GUN JACK
OH, HE'S A REFORMED CHARACTER NOW, JERRY! IF YOU'D LIKE TO MEET HIM, I'LL BRING HIM IN FROM GHOST TOWN TONIGHT!
GOSH, SPOOK, WOULD YOU?
PD PD

SO, THAT NIGHT, SPOOK ARRIVES AT JERRY'S HOUSE . .
(GULP) H-HELLO, SPOOK AND T-TWO-GUN J-JACK.
HI, JERRY -- I PERSUADED TWO-GUN TO COME ALONG!
GLAD TO MEET YOU, JERRY!
TWO-GUN JACK MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME . .
TELL ME ABOUT THE INDIANS!
NICE BED YOU'VE GOT HERE, SONNY!
INJUNS ?? WHERE? I'LL SHOUT THE VARMINTS! WHY, I REMEMBER BACK IN TEXAS WHEN
GEE!
TWO-GUN TELLS HIS STORY --
NOW HAND DOWN THET THAR GOLD BOX OR I'LL DRILL YUH LIKE SIEVES!
H-HERE YUH ARE, TWO-GUN!
OFF TO THE HILLS, BLACK STREAK - I'LL CACHE THIS HERE GOLD TILL I GOT ENUF TO RETIRE!
HERE'S MY GOOD OLD HIDIN' PLACE -- NO ONE BUT ME KNOWS ABOUT IT!
INJUNS!! TH' CONSARNED THIEVES WAS ASPYIN' ON ME!
WHOOP! SCALPUM PALEFACE!
WHY, YOU REDSKINS ARE JUS' ORNERY CROOKS! I'LL SHOW YUH THET IT AIN'T SO EASY TO STEAL FROM TWO-GUN!
2

YUP -- THIS IS A RIGHT PLEASANT WAY FER A HE-MAN TUH SPEND A DAY!
PALEFACE GO TO HAPPY HUNTING GROUND!!
UMPH -- THEY GOT ME!
ME TAKEUM GOLD!
ME TAKEUM SCALP!
AND THAT'S WHERE TWO-GUN ENDS HIS STORY--
THEY KILLED YOU?! BUT, IN THE BOOK IT SAYS..
HUH-- WHAT DOES A BOOK KNOW?
IT WAS TWO DAYS LATER, JERRY, THET I HELD UP THE HOUSTON BANK! GORSH, THET WAS SOME ROBBERY!
WHAT?
OH, SAY, NOW--HOW COULD YOU ROB A BANK IF YOU WERE DEAD?
YOU DON'T NEED ME HERE, AND I'VE GOT A CASE IN NIGHT TRAFFIC COURT AT GHOST TOWN!
I'LL ENTERTAIN HIM, SERGEANT!
HA! HA!
OH, JERRY -- TWO-GUN IS PRESIDENT OF THE GHOST TOWN LIARS CLUB! I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW!
I SEE -- HA! HA! THANKS, SPOOK!


AS SOON AS SPOOK IS SAFELY AWAY, TWO-GUN GETS BUSY...
SAY, WHAT'RE YOU PUTTING YOUR GUN BELTS ON FOR?
OH, I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO DO HERE IN THE WORLD!
BUT, GOSH-- SPOOK WILL BE AWFULLY MAD AT ME!
OH, DON'T RILE YOURSELF- I'LL BE BACK AFORE HE IS!
BUT, WHEN SPOOK RETURNS...
HELLO, JERRY -- YOU LOOK WORRIED. WHERE'S TWO-GUN?
OH, SPOOK!
TWO-GUN LEFT -- HE SAID HE HAD A JOB TO DO!
HMM-- I WONDER IF... HE'S BEEN TELLING A STORY IN GHOST TOWN ABOUT HIS GRANDSON GETTING MIXED UP WITH CROOKS! THE BOY WORKS IN A BANK.
P.D.
I THINK WE'D BETTER FIND TWO-GUN BEFORE HE GETS INTO ANY TROUBLE!
HE LEFT ABOUT AN HOUR AGO AND HEADED TOWARDS MAIN STREET!
AN HOUR? WHEW!! HE COULD UPSET THE WHOLE CITY IN THAT TIME!
SPOOK AND JERRY HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE FINDING THE OLD WESTERNER, HOWEVER, ONCE THEY REACH MAIN STREET! FOR..
SPOOK! THERE HE IS! GOSH, HE'LL KILL SOMEONE!
NO -- HE'S ONLY SHOOTING GHOST BULLETS!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME -- I AIN'T AIMIN' TUH BE STAMPEDED!
4

TWO-GUN, YOU RE UNDER ARREST FOR DISOBEDIENCE!
SPOOK--OH,GORSH! I'VE GOT THE LAW AFTER ME AGAIN!
TWO-GUN JUMPS ASTRIDE A PASSING CAR - - -
INTO THIS CAB, JERRY!
DRIVER, FOLLOW THAT CAR!
JERRY, I'M GOING TO TAKE OVER--WE'VE GOT TO PASS TWO-GUN!
HEY--SOMETHIN'S WRONG! THE STEERIN' WHEEL IS BROKE!
BUT, AFTER A COUPLE OF BLOCKS MORE, TWO-GUN JUMPS OFF --
THIS MUST BE THE HOUSE!
C'MON, JERRY--HURRY BEFORE TWO-GUN GETS AWAY AGAIN!
SPOOK, WHAT'S HE GOING IN THERE FOR? WE'LL CATCH HIM EASILY NOW!
MIGHTY QUEER!
YUP--THAR HE BE! THET'S MY GRANDSON, ALL RIGHTY! THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF ME WHEN I WAS HIS AGE!
TWO-GUN HAS ARRIVED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!
NOW, LISTEN--THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! YOU COME WITH US AND OPEN UP THAT SAFE OR ELSE --
NO!
HUH--SEEMS HE AIN'T GOT MUCH O' ME IN HIM AT THAT!
5

WA'AL, EVEN IF HE'S A GOODY-GOODY, I'LL HELP HIM TUH FIGHT!
HEY -- WHAT HAPPENED?
OUCH
YUP -- I ALLUS DID GO FER A GOOD FIGHT -- ONLY THIS GUY AIN'T FIGHTIN' BACK!
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS!
UGH!
I'M GETTIN' THE POLICE!
UGH!
RELAX, TWO-GUN... HE CAN'T HEAR YOU! YOUR GRANDSON IGN'T PSYCHIC!
TOO BAD HE IGN'T!
SPOOK, JERRY AND TWO-GUN FOLLOW THE BOY OUT OF THE HOUSE, BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE STREET --
THERE'S MORE OF THEM CROOKS, SPOOK! THEY'VE GOT MY BOY!
HURRY, WE'LL FOLLOW 'EM!
THIS IS THE BANK, SPOOK -- BUT WE LOST 'EM IN THE TRAFFIC...
THEY'RE STILL IN THERE -- C'MON, WE'LL STOP THEM IN TIME!
LET'S GO! IF'N THEY'VE HARMED MY GRANDSON, SPOOK -- I AIN'T GONNA BE RESPONSIBLE...
STATE BANK
THE STRANGE TRIO ENTER THE BANK..
A KID! HEY, BEAT IT, SONNY! YOU AIN'T GOT NO BUSINESS HERE!
HOW'LL WE GO ABOUT THIS, SPOOK?
JERRY AND I HAVE A SYSTEM -- AND THE CROOKS ALWAYS THINK JERRY IS A LITTLE SUPERBRAT!

YOU CROOKS BETTER SURRENDER BEFORE I HURT YOU!
HA! HA! GET THE KID!
YOU TELL THEM, JERRY-- NOW DUCK!
JERRY DUCKS AS THE BATTLE STARTS!
THAT TWO-GUN SURE CAN FIGHT, BOY!
THIS IS THE WAY I LIT INTO 'EM IN TH' OLD DAYS!
MEANWHILE, THE CAUSE OF THE DISTURBANCE HAS REACHED THE BURGLAR ALARM!
RING!
RING!
KNOWING THAT THE POLICE WILL SOON ARRIVE, HE RUSHES BACK TO JERRY'S AID!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE DOING IT, KID-- BUT LET ME HELP!
SURE-- HAVE A POKE!
HELP!
WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE POLICE BREAK IN TO FIND...
WOW! LOOK AT THIS MESS!
THIS HERE FIGHT DIDN'T LAST LONG ENOUGH FER ME!
DON'T BE BLOOD-THIRSTY, TWO-GUN!
WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS, HOW YOU TWO MANAGED TO ROUND UP THIS WHOLE GANG?
GOSH, WHAT ABOUT THAT, JERRY?
OH, I-- IT WAS EASY!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, JERRY, BUT I HAVE A HUNCH I SHOULDN'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS!
YOU CAN THANK OLD TWO-GUN JACK-- AN ANCESTOR OF YOURS!
NOW, JERRY, I AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR ANY THANKS-- BEST TIME I'VE HAD IN YEARS!
THE END.

BOYS! MEN!

MY SECRET NEW DYNAFLEX METHOD

CAN BUILD YOU A MAGNIFICENT NEW HE-MAN-MUSCLED BODY IN JUST TEN MINUTES A DAY—with absolutely NO weights—NO bar-bells—NO EXERCISE AT ALL!

Yes! If the girls LAUGH at you now when you take off your shirt—they'll be breaking down the doors to get dates with you—once they've seen the rugged DYNAFLEX BODY I can give you! I'll build you a tough brutal massive body—shoulders clad with solid inches of he-man BRAWN. I'll give you bulging biceps, trip-hammer fists, power-packed legs, and a chest that will have you popping the buttons off your shirt with pride! (—says MIKE MARVEL, "Builder of Champion Bodies")

"In my classes this same course of instruction would cost $110.00."

ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR BODY NOW?

Pal—do YOURSELF a favor! Take a good long look at a mirror. Do you see a puny, starved body—over-grown—heavy shoulders—a flabby stomach and skinny legs? Do girls laugh and titter? Do fellows grin when you take off your shirt?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—it can add solid pounds of rippling muscle he-man MIGHT to your build. I can take those skinny arms and MAKE EVERY INCH with explosive, virile MAN-MUSCLE! I can take that caved-in chest and build on its ripped ruggedness a real MAN-MADE BRAWN. I can clothe your skinny frame with GIANT MUSCLES. DYNAFLEX MUSCLES that will have the girls swooning with you and admiration! And with NO tiring exercise—NO high-priced bar-bells or gym equipment!

Or is your problem a body teeming with soft rolls of unhealthy, unbeautiful FAT? Fuzzy muscles—sagging stomach—bloated face—arms heavy with layers of FLUB-BERY? Are you ASHAMED to go to the beach and let them see your "FAT-MAN PHYSIQUE"?

If so, wake up Pals! THIS IS IT! I will peel off that fat and give you a lean virile DYNAFLEX BODY, armored with a sheath of hard tough sandstone muscle. I can build you into a healthy, streamlined HERCULES—bursting with dynamic manly strength. I'll give you a steel rock-hard midsection—legs muscled like rolled steel cartings. I can pack solid DYNAMITE into your fists and give you a ruggedly handsome build brim-full of the magnetic SUPER-BODY SEX-APPEAL girls are hungry for. And with NO starvation diets—NO fatiguing calisthenics—NO gym workouts—NO health-foods!

HOW DYNAFLEX BUILDS BEAUTIFUL BODIES

DYNAFLEX, is the modern miracle of body-building! When my dynamic exercises, "secret" diets, protein foods, and no weights or bar-bells, DYNAFLEX is the amazing discovery of a West German Doctor whose research into the Science of Strength found a startling new way to build GIANT BRAWNY MUSCLES in the minutest of day. With DYNAFLEX you can "work" your muscles—in a certain way—but in such a different way that if you exercised that muscle 20, 30, even 100 times the old-fashioned way, with DYNAFLEX you get bigger results in ten minutes than other hours of strenuous and grunting, belting heavy weights.

DYNAFLEX rouses each muscle in your body to bring out its truest, finely fullowed and sublimy symmetry. DYNAFLEX packs that muscle with vibrant, full-power strength and energy—FAST. In ten minutes a day I can rear your body from scrawny, healthy rippling muscle—give you a deep, powerful chest—a steel-belted waistline—trim wrists—tough, slim midsection—and trim, steel-spring legs—simply thru DYNAFLEXING. Only ten minutes a day!

There's nothing wrong with the bar-bell and weight-lifting method, but—what the hether? Why waste time and money, why sweat and virgin your way to a strong-bound symmetrical SAMSON-STRONG BODY—when you can do it better—simpler—faster—easier with the DYNAFLEX SECRET?

STRONG-MAN SEX-APPEAL ATTRACTS GIRLS

Be honest. Down deep you KNOW you envy the boy with the virile, magnificent build. Every man and boy secretly desires a proud brawny back, a solid man-muscled chest, handsome he-man shoulders, arms rippling with tough, steely power, a narrow waist, plus those hard, muscled, he-man legs. Girls go for a fellow with TWO-FISTED HE-MAN SEX-APPEAL—and they only laugh at skinny guys or "fat-boys"!

Let me give you a shining new body, brimming over with energy and irresistible charm. Let me build you into a he-man opposite! I can build three inches of brawn and brawn for your shoulders, I will mold you a handsome super-body of terrific strength, give you a crushing grip, legs ornamented with steel springs. A lean taut rock-solid punch-proof midsection. Pack your body with dynamic and fulfilling stamina that will have girls falling at your feet.

GIVE ME TEN MINUTES A DAY —THAT'S ALL!

After DYNAFLEX, you'll be able to rest on your shoulders and take off your shirt any time for the first time in your life, you'll be PROUD of your manly build. Yes, sir, say goodbye to your weak, flabby muscles—get ready for admiring looks and envy with a solid physique that gives and vibrates with virile he-man appeal. You'll be really proud to have people see your MAGNIFICENT HE-MAN MUSCLES at the beach or gym. And, when the fellows start with envy and jealousy—when the girls crowd around to admire your trim lines and hard, powerful body—then you'll know it was all worth while! Then you'll be able to tell them about the Magic Secret of DYNAFLEX!

Your Pal,
MIKE MARVEL
"Builder of Champion Bodies"

ARE YOU WEAK, ALWAYS TIRED, LACK PEP?

Perhaps you're thin and nervous, or overweight and unhealthy—or any secret of weakness which will mean new, vigor and rich-blooded vitality into your body. Then let me show you DYNAFLEX means to you a new, blood dynamo of manly beauty, health and glowing vitality, with miracle-working pep! It is bursting with pep-appeal—then, you'll be really ALIVE—tingling with zest and ever-pulsing energy for the first time in years!

PROOF!

"I tried two other systems, before my doctor told me about DYNAFLEX. It really works—and how! I've put two inches on my chest, 3 inches on my biceps. Thanks for an old friend."
C. L., New York City

"I never thought you could build terrific muscles without exercises or weights. Started DYNAFLEX two weeks ago. And it's building a great physique."
E. G., Detroit, Mich.

"DYNAFLEX is the best yet. Only three weeks and I have more to show than I can in months on any system. Tell my pals about DYNAFLEX."
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- ☐ Build deep brawny chest, bulging with vigorous strength
- ☐ Lose fat, be trim, shrewd, "hard-to-hit" waistline
- ☐ Build mighty back, broad brawny shoulders
- ☐ Build muscle on skinny wrists and arms
- ☐ Develop crushing grip, two-fisted punch-power

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